

## Iron County Register.

By E. D. AKE

IRONTON. MISSOURI

### SIMPLY GLAD.

Oh, I never feel my troubles when I'm thinking, dear, of you.  
The sky's all fleecy softness with blue patches looking through.  
And bright blossoms are appearing, and the mocking birds are singing.  
Oh, I never feel my troubles, for I love you so, I do!

When I see your form before me trouble has to stop and wait.  
Then I laugh at all misfortune, and I sing a grin at fate.  
When at night I see you swinging and I hear your glad voice ringing.  
When at night I hear you singing as you're swinging on the gate.

Clark and care and various worries like a garment drop from me.  
And my years go chasing after when I catch your laugh of glee.  
At the sight of dad home-coming, and you're feet come a-runnin'.  
You're dad's "itty-bitty" girlie, and he's glad as he can be!

You're dad's itty-bitty girlie—come and kiss your foolish dad!  
You're a dancing girl of sunshine in a gloomy world and sad;  
But I never mind my troubles, and my laughter simply bubbles.  
When you run away to meet me and you kiss me, I'm so glad.  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## A Fool Streak at Wigglefork

By T. H. TALMADGE

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"It's a piece of dumb foolishness. Them fellows ought to have sense enough to know Wigglefork can't support two drays. I ain't certain sure it can support one. It appears to me a boy with a wheelbarrow could attend to all the drayin' business there is here, and then have time to cut the family wood,—it does, by jinks."

Ezra Rollins seated himself in the front doorway of the Wigglefork general store and cast a severe eye down the street in the direction of the railway station where two drays were racing to the accompaniment of tinkling bells. Then he rubbed his nose and continued:

"Of course, just now while the quarryin' business is goin' on so big, there's more or less jobbin' around to do—pretty near as much as would make it worth while for one man and a team, but that ain't goin' to last long. I spotted that ledge of rock down there 30 years ago, and got an expert here to look it over, but he said 'twasn't any use goin' into it; the stone was practically worthless for buildin' purposes. So,—he smiled dryly—'when these fellows come along and wanted to buy a couple of acres of my bluffs at a good figure I just naturally closed the deal before they had a chance to back out. It's been a good thing for the town, too,' he added, reflectively.

"They've got 12 men workin', and every one of 'em has got a good appetite and enough wages to keep it satisfied. The Widow Ruggles is boardin' nine of 'em. She says she's goin' to take a trip back to York state this fall."

Salem Tunk, who had driven into town with a load of hoop poles that morning and was spending an hour with his old friend, the storekeeper, suddenly straightened his shoulders.

"She is, hey?" he said. "I reckon maybe I'd better see if she can't pay me for that cow I sold her last fall."

"The girl bought clothes with the profits," said Mr. Rollins. "Twas just about then that Bill Elliott began to shine around her, and when a girl's got a beau she thinks she's in duty bound to wear fancier clothes than she would otherwise. I've got a notion the Ruggles girl's a kind of a fool. It's along of her that Bill Elliott and his brother Jim are makin' fools of themselves with their drays."

"O, 'tis?" Mr. Tunk appeared interested. "Both got a hankerin' for her, hey?"

"Seem to have." The storekeeper arose to wait on a little girl who wanted a nickel's worth of brown sugar, then resumed himself in the doorway. "Jim's been overheard to tell Bill that he begun makin' advances towards the girl first, and Bill's been overheard to reply that nobody, not even the girl, seemed to know it if he was makin' advances, and it didn't make a dum bit of difference, anyhow. 'Twas Bill's idea—the comin' to town and startin' up a dray line. He had a team of his own, and a dray was the only thing that 'peared to be in the nature of a permanent town business in connection with a team. I reckon he thought he'd Jim fixed when he done it. Of course, you see, a feller in town all the time where the girl is has got a heap better show than the feller that's four miles away on his pa's farm, all other things bein' equal. But 'twasn't long before Jim scraped up a team, too,—a couple of bronchos that are afraid of their own shadows, and he rigged up a dray and came to town. Him and I don't speak; I don't reckon a d-d's passed between 'em for six 'tats."

"How do they manage the court-ship?" Mr. Tunk, amazedly.

You see ain't don't much courtin' meets 'em can't. Sometimes Bill comes with her, on the street and chins her and c, sometimes Jim meets her and c with her, but beyond don't let a other get out when you hear on their foot drays hear the bell, along pretty soon you'll just betwixt you, in the meantime, of Mr. Rollins, and the voice of a flashie eyes—"unleash things go con-ryin' the widow 'tats, I'll be mar- come to their senses. Don't say boys- in' of it, Salem, she's head of beatin' about the bush with me, after the way of all women, but she mine. I ain't no fool when it comes to 'tats."

A customer appeared at this juncture—a woman who wanted calico.

Mr. Tunk sat for a time impassively blinking at the quiet scene presented by the principal thoroughfare of Wig-

glefork, with its three or four busi- ness houses, its iron pump and horse trough, and its hotel—a plain frame structure for which, as he chanced to be aware, the Widow Ruggles had ex- changed a portion of the small farm left her by her husband. As Mr. Tunk remembered the transaction, Mr. Rol- lins, who had owned the residence now by exigency of circumstance become a hotel, had made a very good bargain. He had taken what he considered the choicest of the widow's land and joined it to his own, leaving her a few rough acres, valueless alike for stock or crops; he believed he had managed it with much cleverness, as he had man- aged the deal with the quarrymen.

"H-m-m-m; queer about that quarry feller," mused Mr. Tunk; "don't seem to me altogether likely he'd be of a sort to let Ezra bamboozle him. All people ain't foolish in the same spot."

He glanced into the store where Ezra was perspiringly displaying his stock of dress goods, and then, with an idea forming in his mind, he arose and leisurely made his way to the stable where he had quartered his team.

"T'won't do no harm to find out what I can," he told himself as he turned the horses' heads in the direction of the quarry, two miles from the village. "A man don't learn much in this world unless he asks questions now and then."

But he derived little satisfaction from the replies given in response to his questions at the quarry that day; for some reason the men were reticent and evasive. Yet, as he drove back to the village, he gave vent to an occa- sional chuckle, indicative that he con- sidered the time to have been well spent. He said nothing of the matter to Ezra, who called to him from the store door: "Well, goin' home, be you, Salem?"

"Whoa!" said Mr. Tunk. "Yes, I reckon it's time to be gettin' along that way."

"Better wait and see the drays come up from the train," suggested Mr. Rol- lins, facetiously.

"Here's Bill," said Mr. Rollins, shad- ing his eyes with his hand, "and he's— yes, he's got a box on! Now, that is worth waitin' for, Salem; 'tain't often you see one of 'em with a box on. What's he goin' to do with it?"

The dray turned into an alley lead- ing to a narrow lane running parallel with the street. Fronting on this lane, directly to the rear of the hotel, was a warehouse.

"It's somethin' for the quarry fel- lers; they've rented that buildin' to keep their truck in. What's happened to Jim, do you suppose? 'Tain't safe for Bill to be that close to Ruggles' without some one to keep an eye on him. By jing! there he comes up the lane on a keen jump! Told you so, Salem!"

"It appears to me, Ezra," remarked Salem, deliberately, "that his horses are runnin' away."

"They be—hey!" cried Ezra, ex- citedly, "and Bill's backed plum across the lane and one of his horses is balk- in'. Can't make that horse budge till he's good and ready; sold old Elliott that horse myself. I saw old Elliott some 'tats' goin' to be all smashed up, Salem!"

"Looks favorable," agreed Mr. Tunk. He clambered to the ground and tied his team. "I reckon, Ezra, we'd better be gettin' over that way."

Hastily Mr. Rollins locked the store door and, bareheaded, followed Mr. Tunk across the lots. On the way they were joined by three boys and two barking dogs. When they arrived at the warehouse Bill's dray was upon its side, and his horses were plunging in an effort to break away from a de- termined looking woman, Mrs. Rug- gles, who had chanced to be hoeing in her garden when the catastrophe oc- curred. Her daughter was hurrying to her assistance. Both of Jim's horses were down, tangled in harness, and Jim was upon his face in a heap of re- fused 15 foot dirt.

"Look at Bill," whispered Mr. Rol- lins to Mr. Tunk. "What's the matter of the fool?"

Bill was sitting in the road, staring with a horrified expression upon his face at the box, which lay directly in front of him. He seemed incapable of either speech or action.

"I reckon he's scared," said Mr. Tunk. "Let's get these here horses straightened around and we'll find out."

This was soon accomplished, Jim, somewhat dazed but uninjured, assist- ing. And then the entire company, with the exception of Jim, gathered about Bill.

"What's the matter, Billy?" inquired Mr. Rollins. "Hurt?"

Slowly Bill raised his hand, point- ing at the box. It bore upon its top the grim inscription:

DYNAMITE-EXPLOSIVE!  
HANDLE WITH CARE.

Mr. Rollins broke the silence, "Jim," he called, "come here and see what you've missed."

Jim shuffled forward.

"You're a good brother, Jimmy," Bill's eyes were wet, but the girl's hand was upon his shoulder and there was joy upon his face.

Abruptly Jim turned and walked to his dray. They watched him until a grove hid him from sight, but not once did he look back. Then the two men returned to the store, and the woman went into the house, leaving Bill and the girl talking blissfully together over the back fence.

Shortly afterward Mr. Tunk de- parted for home, cogitating deeply within himself.

"Now maybe them two boys is the biggest fools in these parts"—thus ran his thoughts—"but I doubt it consid- erable. I doubt if there ain't a bigger fool than either one of 'em keepin' stock right in Wigglefork this minute, and I doubt if he'd get out from under a strain of emotion half as graceful as they did, Jim especially. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he'd break right down and blubber—I wouldn't, by giner!" He chuckled softly and flicked with his whip a bush by the roadside.

"It's just possible now things can be fixed so the Widow Ruggles will be able to pay me for that cow and still have a little left to make up for what Ezra beat her out of. She certainly made a fine figure holdin' them horses—fine. I never realized what she was for looks before. I reckon I'll have to go to town again to-morrow. To-night I'll write a letter to a feller I know."

Mr. Tunk became almost a daily vis- itor to Wigglefork after that, ostensi- bly, as he told Mr. Rollins, to attend to certain matters pertaining to hoop poles and to collect the money for the cow he had sold the Widow Ruggles. He declared, with some show of in- igation, that he had become weary of waiting for that cow money; the widow had bawled now and was able to pay if she wanted to do so. All of which seemed perfectly reasonable to Mr. Rol- lins. Mr. Rollins was distinctly in favor of the widow settling her old accounts before he married her.

Then one day a young man arrived from somewhere. Mr. Tunk met him at the train and escorted him to the store, where he introduced him as "my nephew, come out to see the country."

For three days Mr. Tunk drove him about, seeing things, and Mr. Tunk during this period added a new word to his vocabulary. This word was "Dolomite."

Three weeks went by—weeks of most delicious May weather. And on a cer- tain afternoon, when Mr. Collins was lounging in the doorway of his store, Mr. Tunk, clad in new habiliments, ap- peared to him.

"Ezra,"—Mr. Tunk's voice was soft as spring mud—"I've just come from Mrs. Ruggles' place. She's sold the bal- ance of her land."

"What land—them bluffs?"

Mr. Tunk nodded.

"Humph! Who's the fool?"

"Me, Ezra," Mr. Tunk was ver- meek. "I'm it."

"Well, of all dum foolishness!" Mr. Rollins stared at his friend pityingly. "Got any objection to tellin' what you gave her, Salem?"

"I gave her \$600 and the cow, Ezra. What did you get for your bluffs that join her's on the south?"

"One hundred and eighty, and that was a hundred more than they was worth, too. Why, dum it, man! have you gone stick, starin' mad?"

Mr. Tunk smiled sweetly. "I reckon not, Ezra." He drew a bundle of papers from his pocket and drawlingly enumerated them. "There's the deed, all signed and witnessed; there's a letter I got from a contractor in Chicago, sayin' he'd send a man to look the thing over; there's another letter from him, writ after his man had got back, sayin' he'd give me for the property."

"Mr. Tunk paused, moistening his lips with his tongue—"sayin' he'd give me \$4,000, which offer I took up as soon as I could get Mrs. Ruggles to make out the papers showin' me to be full owner in fee simple, etcetera. There's an almost inexhaustible deposit of dolomite there, Ezra,—best buildin' stone in the world—but it's way down deep in."

Mr. Rollins lay back in his chair, his face purple, his eyes bulging from his head.

With a rather enjoyable expression of injury upon his face, Mr. Tunk sauntered forth into the street. Mingled pleas- ingly with the humming of insects came to his ears the tinkling of bells, and presently Bill Elliott's dray, with Bill occupying the high seat beside the blushing daughter of the Widow Rug- gles, appeared over the brow of the depot hill.

"I reckon I'm a fool to do it," he reflected; "but I don't know; there's that \$3,400 I'd have to give her to make me feel right if I didn't; I ain't got the same sort of conscience Ezra has. And she's willin'—struck me she was awful willin', but maybe that's the way with women folks. Anyway, she didn't jump at Ezra that way. 'Pears like everybody's fool streak has been showin' lately."

On he went, through the fields and woods,—a wide circle, back to the store.

Mr. Rollins was inside, alone. He was standing before a mirror, arrang- ing a white tie about a standup collar. It was well known in Wigglefork that he never wore a white tie nor a stand- up collar except when engaged in projects matrimonial.

Mr. Tunk merely put his head in at the door. "Ezra," he announced, "I'm goin' to yoke up with Mrs. Ruggles to-morrow evenin'." and hurried away, exultant.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI

William J. Bryan, Speaking in Northern Missouri, Urges the Election of Jos. W. Folk.

### INTENSE ENTHUSIASM SHOWN.

The Good Name of Democracy in the Nation, He Declared, Was In- volved in Democratic Suc- cess in Missouri.

St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 10.—Folk as the candidate of Missouri's democracy for governor is better known nationally now than William Jennings Bryan was when nominated by the national democracy for the presidency in 1896.

The statement must go unchallenged, since it was made by Mr. Bryan him- self in a series of speeches delivered in northwest Missouri, in the course of which he urged the election of the entire democratic state ticket, so that the administration might be in per- fect harmony with Mr. Folk. He in- dorsed specifically Sam B. Cook, can- didate for secretary of state on the ground of long and meritorious party service.

The good name of democracy in the nation, he declared, is involved in the election of Folk and in the majority by which that election shall be ob- tained. The good judgment of the people of Missouri is put to the test, he argued, by the opportunity which oc- curs of returning Francis Marion Cockrell to the senate.

The safety of the American republic and the principles upon which it was nursed and has thriven, he maintained, are at stake as between Theodore Roosevelt and Alton B. Parker. His argument left no question as to where the public choice should incline for president.

The St. Louis convention, he ad- mitted, had not done in all things as he would have wished, but he made the reasons in favor of Parker's election appear so convincing that full, round and clear Missouri cheers followed his final mention of the New York judge.

Two Points of Difference.

Upon only two grounds can the dem- ocrats who followed him, he said, dis- agree with what Judge Parker rep- resents—the money question and the in- come tax. Upon many other questions they can agree; witness the tariff, the trusts, labor legislation, Philippine in- dependence and anti-imperialism.

"Republican rule," said Mr. Bryan, "is debasing ideals of government and forging the shackles of militarism. It caters to trusts through the tariffs and is rearing its large army to use against the laboring man."

Such was his damnation of his op- ponents.

Col. Bryan entered upon his two days' campaign of Missouri, expending freely his usual energy and eloquence. His name is very potent in this state and tremendous crowds were attracted to hear him.

Beginning at Maryville in Nodaway county, he went south to Chillicothe in the afternoon, speaking at Stan- berry and Pattonsburg on the way.

Maryville is one of the most pros- perous towns in one of the most beau- tiful counties in Missouri. To-day marked the opening of a street fair, where a speakers' stand had been erected facing tiers of temporary seats and in front of the courthouse.

Crowd Waits in Rain.

The sky was clouded over and a chill drizzle was falling. But men, women and children filled the seats, crowded the streets in a compact mass and waited in the wet to hear the two- times candidate for president of the United States. Old men by the score were in the crowd—men so old and so feeble that it would seem the exposure were a great risk of life. At Stanberry, where no address was scheduled, fully 2,000 persons had assembled and at Pattonsburg several hundred.

When the Vabash train reached Chillicothe, Bryan's admirers crowded the platform to the limit of its capac- ity. He was escorted from the depot by a committee composed of Capt. W. H. Mansur, Douglas Stewart, Dr. W. R. Simpson, F. K. Thompson, W. L. Watkins, J. T. Bradshaw and E. C. Orr. After lunch at the home of Mr. Stewart, he was taken to the park in the center of town, where he found a scene which must have thrilled him, used as he is to great audiences.

Applause Generous.

Bryan is the democrat who makes Missouri democrats shout. They cheer and they cry "Bryan, Bryan," just as they did so vociferously in the St. Louis convention. To-day's crowds were no exceptions. They measured their sentiments in lung power, and they showed a great deal of both.

Leaving Chillicothe over the Bur- lington, Mr. Bryan met large gather-

ings at Hamilton and Cameron, which had collected, expecting that he would pass through on the evening train. He made no speeches, however, until he arrived at St. Joseph. Here he was met by the St. Joseph committee, com- posing which were W. E. Spratt, H. M. Tootle, Dr. W. T. Elam, T. H. Doyle, L. A. Vories, Dr. C. R. Woodson, W. B. Norris and E. A. King. His train was late in arriving, and his pro- gramme here was an exceedingly hur- ried one. A bite of dinner at the de- pot, a fast drive to Turner hall, a short talk to the overflow crowd made from the box of the cab, an hour's speech to 2,000 people inside the hall, another fast drive back to the station, and away at 9:50.

### Busy Close to Busy Day.

It was pretty active work with which to end an active day. Fully twice the number were outside the hall as were able to get in. He personally was loudly cheered, and his mentions of Folk caused several notable bursts of applause. Since Bryan made such a record as a speech-maker in '96, no committee now seems to spare him in preparing his schedules. He spoke four times to-day; will speak four times to-morrow; to say nothing of having his rest broken.

But he keeps his pace up with little complaining, though he often does look more or less fagged. Mr. Bryan spe- cially argued at Maryville and St. Jo- seph in behalf of Francis M. Wilson, the democratic nominee for congress.

"Your candidate for congress," he said, "is temporarily prevented from coming out before you. He is sick. I have an interest in the election of Mr. Wilson because I believe that he would make an able congressman and be a credit to the democracy. I knew and served in congress with his fa- ther."

### Speaks For Wilson.

"But I have an interest in his elec- tion for the more because it is important for us to control the congress of the United States. We will not have the senate in the next two years, but we're going to make gains, and I hope that we will make enough in two years more to get the senate. I know you like to see your candidate, and it is important he go among you and that you should know him. Still, the rea- sons I have cited for the choice of a democratic congressman are more im- portant."

Mr. Bryan's speeches in this con- gressional district are expected to do much good. Soreness is the heritage of the long convention of 1,031 ballots. Wilson's illness also handicaps the campaign. But with the force of Mr. Bryan's eloquence to aid them, which is directed largely at stay-at-home democrats, local leaders are more than confident.

Of the counties visited, both Nod- away and Livingston are very close. The democratic organization is in tip- top shape in each, however, and in both a victory is expected for the ticket from top to bottom.

The Bryan speech has its old mag- netic quality, though a more generous fund of humor seems to run through it. B. C. Orr, in introducing Mr. Bryan at Chillicothe, spoke of him as the man "we've yet hope to see and will see pres- ident of the United States."

### Hoped to be Moses.

In replying Mr. Bryan said that at one time he had very seriously ex- pected to be president, to be the Moses to lead the democratic party and the peo- ple out of the wilderness. But after two defeats, he continued, he had been compelled to study the matter over, and had concluded something must be wrong.

"Then I thought that when Moses was chosen to lead the Jews he com- plained of being too slow of speech for a leader. But the Lord gave him Aaron to do his talking. Now I am Aaron (laughter) and if I can be the Aaron to help Parker Moses the people of this country, even a little way out of the wilderness, I shall indeed feel satis- fied."

The Bryan endorsement of the state ticket is the very strongest possible. There is no question of Folk's democ- racy, he said.

"His democracy was put to the test in that trying campaign of '96," de- clared Mr. Bryan. "I first met him then and under circumstances which prove his democracy beyond all ques- tion. A young man starting out in the practice of the law, as the silver is- sue had just been defeated, might have been tempted to be quiet. Not so with Folk."

"The campaign of 1900 began right after the fight of 1896 was ended. I attended a meeting in St. Louis for the purpose of organizing Missouri. The young man in question was present, and was the leading spirit at that meeting."

Mr. Bryan's endorsement included Sam B. Cook by specific reference. Cook, he said, is a tireless democra- tic fighter, a man whose democratic rec- ord can not be called into question. He insisted that officers should be elected with Mr. Folk who are of Folk's party, and will be in sympathy with him and his platform. From his personal knowl- edge of Cook, he declared his belief that the latter will work in accord with Folk in any effort for the pur-ification of politics.

### A Chinese Uprising.

Shanghai, Oct. 12.—The British min- ister, Sir Ernest Satow, has notified the Chinese minister of foreign affairs of an uprising in Tamingsu and Chanlefu, on the border of Shan Tung, Chili and Honan provinces. The uprising has 10,000 adherents.

### Charged With False Pretenses.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 12.—S. A. Scott, an oil promoter, who recently didn't ex- tensive business in Sac and Calhoun counties, is lodged in jail in Rockwell City, Ia., to face three indictments for se- curing money under false pretenses.

### Weinsheimer on Trial.

New York, Oct. 12.—The trial of Philip Weinsheimer, former president of the Building Trades alliance, who is under two indictments charging ex- tortion, is in progress before Judge Newburger in the court of general ses- sions.

### Death Before a Camera.

Macon, Mo., Oct. 12.—While the photograph of Mrs. Antonio Randio and her infant daughter was being taken in a studio here, Monday, the child died in its mother's arms.

### Children Burned to Death.

Sioux City, Ia., Oct. 12.—Two small children of Fred Avery, a farmer living near Moville, Woodbury county, were burned to death in a barn Tuesday, which it is supposed they set afire with matches.

## OPENING OF A UNIQUE BUILDING

A Monument of Wise and Successful Newspaper Advertising.

Out at Battle Creek, Mich., among the trees, flowers and green lawns is a most unique building devoted entirely to advertising. It is occupied by the Grandin Advertising Agency Ltd., which handles among other accounts, the advertising of the Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., aggregating in round figures one million dollars a year, perhaps the largest appropriation of any one concern in the world. The furnishings of this grand structure are rich and com- plete, and all the appointments are worthy their beautiful environment.

Prominent newspaper and magazine publishers and their special represent-

atives in large number from New York, Chicago, and various parts of the country attended the formal opening of this building, and a banquet in the evening at the Post Tavern as guests of C. W. Post, Oct. 3, 1894.



Pure Food Factories That Make Postum and Grape-Nuts.

The publishers inspected the 14 or 15 factory buildings of this father of the prepared food industry with especial interest, for it has grown to its present colossal proportions in a trifle less than 9 years, a marked example of the power of gold and continuous adver- tising of articles of pronounced merit.

He spoke of the esteem of the adver- tiser for a publisher that takes especial interest in making the advertising an announcement attractive. Advertisements should contain truthful information of interest and value to readers. The Postum methods have made Battle Creek famous all over the world and about doubled the population.

### FAILED IN REAL POLITICS.

Beuful Reminiscences of a Theatri- cal Star Who Was the Easy Victim.

Maclyn Arbuckle, the successful star of the eastern company playing George Ade's "The County Chairman," began his career first as a lawyer, then he was a politician. In the Theater Magazine ap- pears this characteristic account of the demise of these early ambitions, written by Mr. Arbuckle shortly after he became an actor:

"As I go about the city I notice signs of 'Attorney at Law.' Ah me! I wonder if they are young lawyers. If so, my heart goes out to them. There they sit, companion pieces to Dickens' Micaw- ber, ever watching and waiting for some- thing to 'turn up.' Poor souls! They go to their offices and open their invisible voluminous mail, and take their clients one at a time, and fill their safe drawers with five and retainers. Oh, it is glorious! Three short weeks ago I was one of them—single swinging to the tune of 'Destitute and Ragged' by the rough zephyrs of legal poverty, and it is pro- fessional, you know, to be legally poor. But how different now! I closed the lid of the casket that bore all that remains of the 'Legal Wreck' and consigned the remains to the fraternity that they might be buried with becoming profes- sional dignity—funeral expenses to be paid out of 'fees due me,' fees that never came! It is a great awakening from a three years' sleep, a young Rip Van Winkle slumber! Fight, you lawyers, over your fees! Seize the farmers' lands, for fees, you know. Take the mules and cows. Sound forth your legal arguments in the courts of justice! Look you wise and renew your 30, 60 and 90 day paper in the bank. Take all. I quit-claim to you in fee simple for love and affection. And oh, you candidates for political and judicial honors, ride your scrawny horses and mules through Red river bottoms, dine with the dear colored voters, kiss the sweet, pretty little dirty child of the dear voters, take your mysterious grips to the 'speaking,' ride all night, take stock in every church, colored and white, school bar-becue! Oh, what bliss, what felicity, to have a huge colored gentleman demand a five, and suggest that if it is not com- ing he will 'surely turn his whole following and district against you,' and oh, what woe when you haven't the five to stay his cruel power! At last the day has come! Up early, spreading tickets broadcast, 'Vote for Maclyn Arbuckle, Justice of the Peace.' Opponent looking slyly at you and wondering about your strength. Visit polls. Your men (colored) proclaim you elected without a doubt. 'Want a quarter for their din- ners. What's the news from Wagner's, Hoom's, Holmes' Schoolhouse. Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind. The sun sets and you little know that your glory and responsibility sets with it. Polls close. Niggers yell (for every- body). Returns slowly come in. Hope up, but votes down. Opponent gets full. You go to bed, full of expectations. Get up, fall down. Defeated! You are a member of the large and honorable body

### PATRIOTISM OF JAPANESE.

From Empress Down to Peasant Girl! All Make Sacrifices to Help Relief Fund.

Societies and associations have been organized in Japan to relieve the fam- ilies of the fighting men, and every one makes certain contributions to the relief fund. Some men contribute money or goods, some their labor, and most of the lint and bandage used for the wounded are the works of women, from the em- press down to the peasant girl, writes Nobunshi Amenomori, in Atlantic.

Little boys and girls willingly forego their daily sweetsmeats, and give the small moneys thus saved to the relief societies. A boy 11 years old in a country school made one day a contribution of two yen. It was thought too much for a country boy's gift. The school-teacher and the elderman of the village suspec- ted the money might have been given the lad by his parents to satisfy his vanity; in which case it should be admonished against. An inquiry was accordingly made, and brought out the fact that the boy had actually earned the money for the purpose by devoting his play hours to the making of straw sandals. Even some criminals working in prisons have made several applications to contribute their earnings to the funds, though their wishes have not been complied with. In every village a compact has been made that those remaining at home should look after the farms of those at the front, so that their families may not be disappointed of the usual crops. Since the outbreak of the war the gov- ernment's bonds have been twice issued at home, and each time the subscription more than trebled the amount called for, the imperial household taking the lead by subscribing 20,000,000 yen. Thus the hardships of the war are cheerfully borne by every man, woman and child in the land.

The Color of Hair.

From the color of a man's hair may be learned a good deal in regard to his intellectual ability, says a professor who has for some months been closely studying the subject. School boys with chestnut hair, he maintains, are likely to be more clever than any others, and will generally be found, at the head of the class, and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark hair.

In mathematics and recitations these boys and girls, he asserts, especially excel. On the other hand, brown hair are most likely to attain distinction through their individuality and style, and that those with red or Auburn hair do not often excel in any respect